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**CIVIL
WAR**
BEGINS
05.03.06

Friendly Neighborhood **SPIDER-MAN**[®]





JUMPING THE TRACKS

PART 1

WHAT
HAPPENED?

SHE FELL,
PETER. SHE WAS
GOING DOWNSTAIRS
AND SOMETHING STARTLED
HER...A MOUSE, I GUESS,
SOMETHING LIKE
THAT...

...AND SHE
LOST HER BALANCE
ON THE STAIRS
AND...

...WELL, AT
OUR AGE, ONE
FALL IS ALL IT
TAKES.

PETER
DAVID

WRITER

MIKE
WIERINGO

PENCILER

KARL
KESEL

INKER

PAUL
MOUNTS

COLORS

VC'S CORY
PETIT

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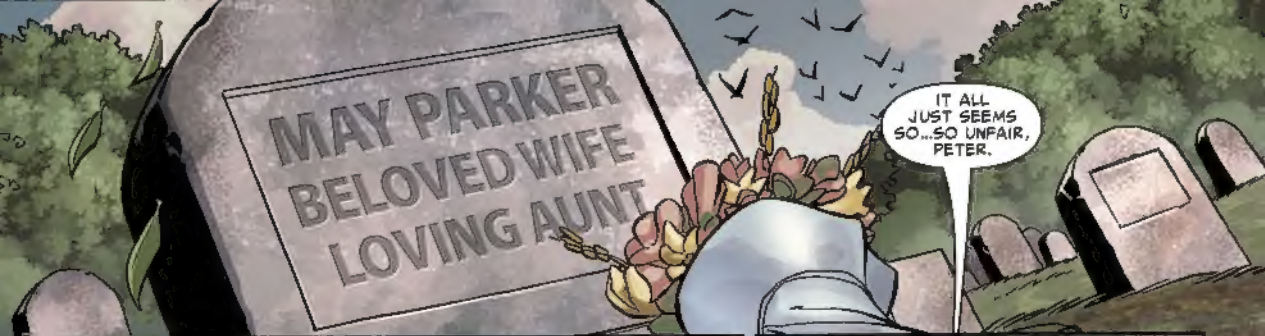
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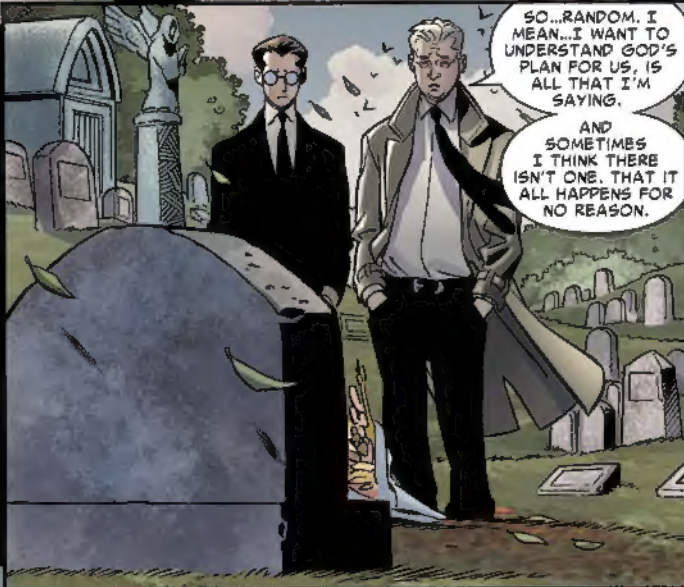
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IT ALL JUST SEEMS SO...SO UNFAIR, PETER.



SO...RANDOM. I MEAN...I WANT TO UNDERSTAND GOD'S PLAN FOR US, IS ALL THAT I'M SAYING.

AND SOMETIMES I THINK THERE ISN'T ONE. THAT IT ALL HAPPENS FOR NO REASON.



MAY WAS SO MUCH BETTER A PERSON THAN ME. MORE LOVING, MORE PATIENT...

SHOULD BE ME UNDER THE GROUND INSTEAD OF HER.

DON'T SAY THAT, UNCLE BEN.



HAVE TO SAY WHAT I THINK, PETER.

SHE DID THE THINKING FOR BOTH OF US. I'VE GOT NO KNACK FOR HANDLING MONEY... WHAT LITTLE WE'D GET IN.

DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO PAY THE BILLS NOW.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT MONEY, UNCLE BEN. WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH SO PAYING BILLS WON'T BE A PROBLEM.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, PETER?



WE'RE GOING TO GO INTO BUSINESS TOGETHER, IS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

WHAT BUSINESS IS THAT?

SHOW BUSINESS. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU WHEN WE GET HOME, AND THEN YOU'LL UNDERSTAND.



I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

IT'S LIKE I TOLD YOU, UNCLE BEN...



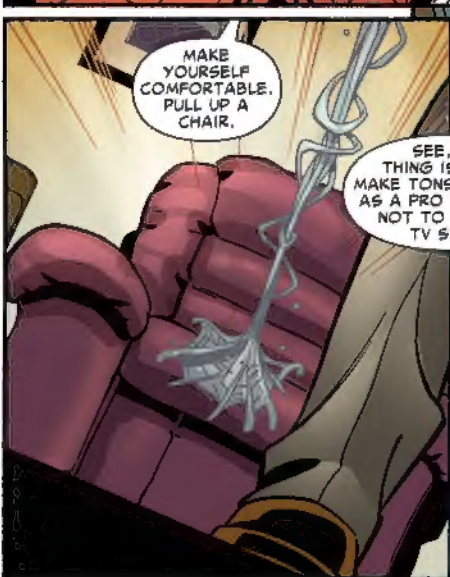
I WAS BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER. TRUTH TO TELL, I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE I UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF. BUT HERE'S THE BOTTOM LINE:

YOU'RE LOOKING AT YOUR NEW CLIENT.

CLIENT?



YUP. AS OF THIS MOMENT, YOU'RE BEN PARKER, HIGH-POWERED AGENT.



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE. PULL UP A CHAIR.

SEE, THE THING IS, I CAN MAKE TONS OF MONEY AS A PRO WRESTLER, NOT TO MENTION TV STAR.



BUT ANY MONEY THAT COMES IN IS GOING TO BE IN THE FORM OF CHECKS MADE OUT TO "SPIDER-MAN". SEE THE PROBLEM?

EXACTLY. OF...OF COURSE. NO BANK WOULD CASH IT.



BUT ANY BANK WOULD CASH CHECKS MADE OUT TO "BEN PARKER." AND THEN YOU, AS MY AGENT, TAKE TEN PERCENT, PAY BILLS WITH PLENTY LEFT OVER...

...AND THEN PAY ME MY SHARE, WHICH I'LL JUST SOCK AWAY INTO A COLLEGE FUND.

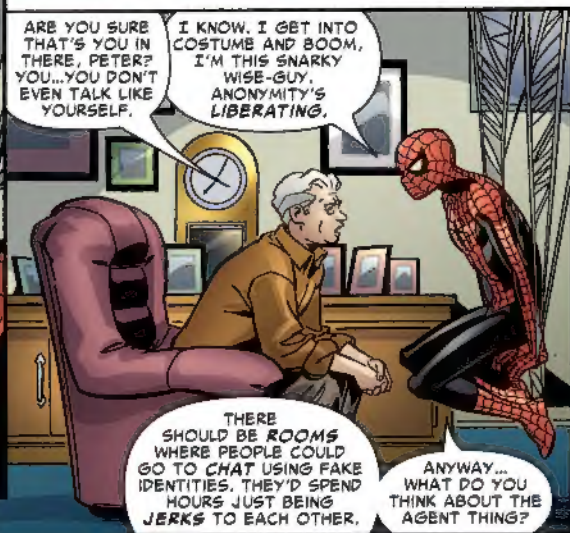


IT...IT CAN'T BE AS EASY TO MAKE MONEY AS THAT.



WELL, I'LL ADMIT BEING AN AGENT DOESN'T HAVE THE CACHET OF BEING AS SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE AS, SAY, A DRUG DEALER...

...BUT ON THE PLUS SIDE, IT AIN'T ILLEGAL, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT POLICE DOGS SNIFFING YOUR LUGGAGE.



ARE YOU SURE THAT'S YOU IN THERE, PETER? YOU...YOU DON'T EVEN TALK LIKE YOURSELF.

I KNOW. I GET INTO COSTUME AND BOOM, I'M THIS SNARKY WISE-GUY, ANONYMITY'S LIBERATING.

THERE SHOULD BE ROOMS WHERE PEOPLE COULD GO TO CHAT USING FAKE IDENTITIES. THEY'D SPEND HOURS JUST BEING JERKS TO EACH OTHER.

ANYWAY... WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE AGENT THING?



TWENTY PERCENT.

WHAT?

MY COMMISSION. TWENTY PERCENT.

FIFTEEN.



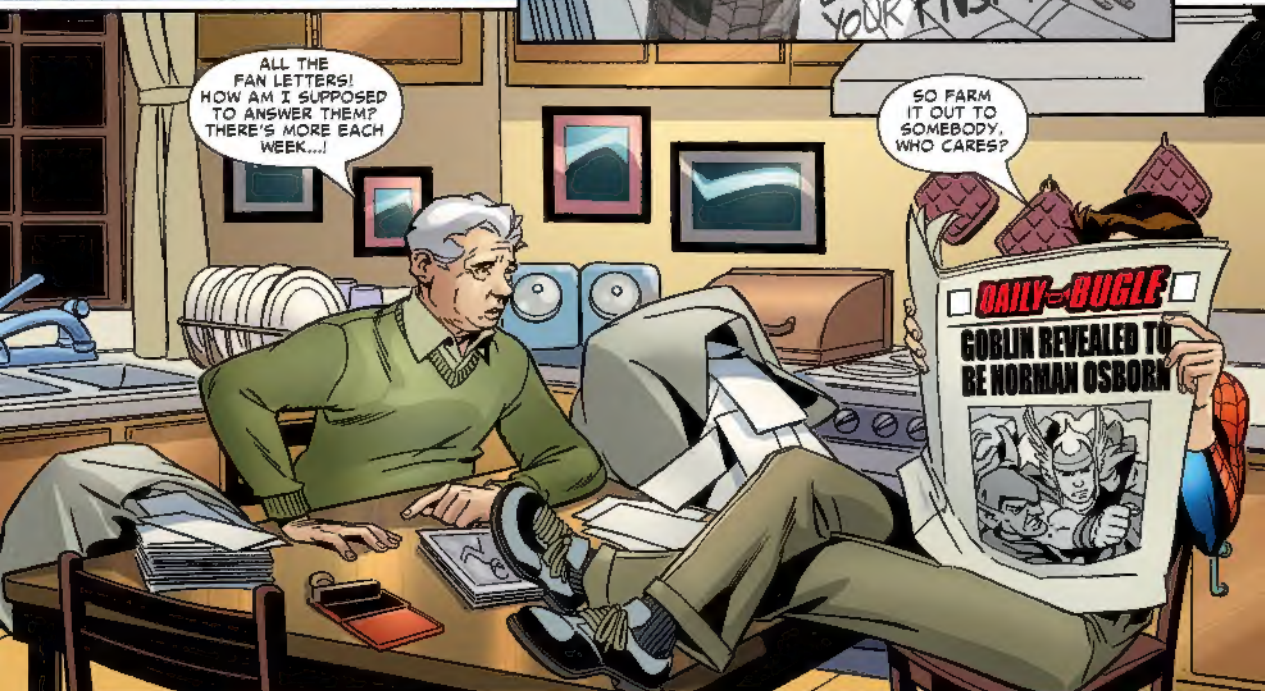
DEAL.



GEEZ! JUST DEAL, CAN'T YOU, UNCLE BEN?



I'M TRYING TO, PETER, BUT THIS IS...IT'S OVERWHELMING!



ALL THE FAN LETTERS! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO ANSWER THEM? THERE'S MORE EACH WEEK....!

SO FARM IT OUT TO SOMEBODY, WHO CARES?



"WHO CARES?" PETER... YOU USED TO CARE...



YOU USED TO CARE ABOUT...

PLEASE DON'T START.

YOU INSISTED ON GOING THROUGH ALL THE LETTERS--

COULD WE NOT DO THIS PLEASE? FOR JUST ONE WEEKEND?

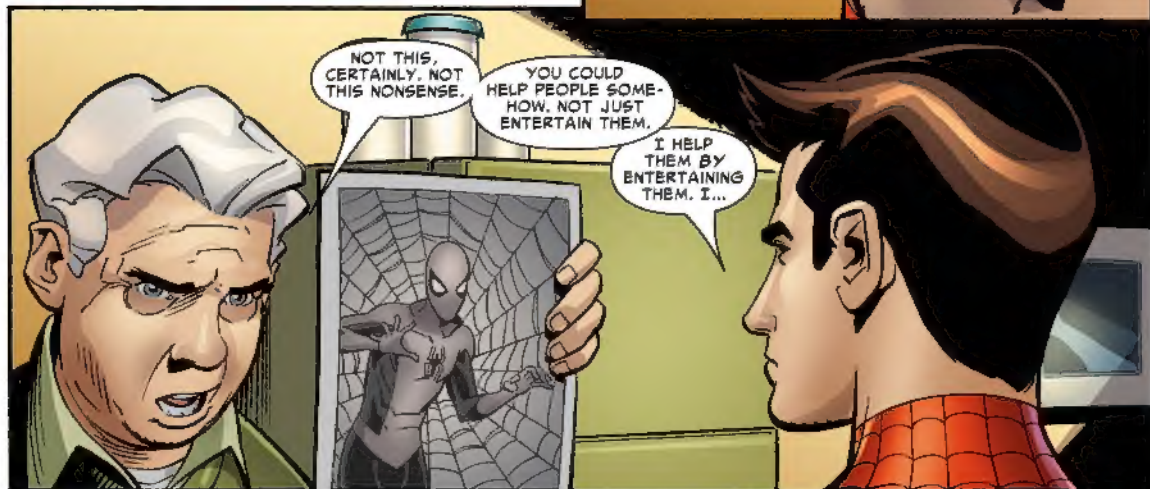
BUT THIS USED TO BE IMPORTANT TO YOU!

HAVING ME GO THROUGH THE LETTERS, SINGLE OUT THE ONES I THOUGHT NEEDED A PERSONAL REPLY.

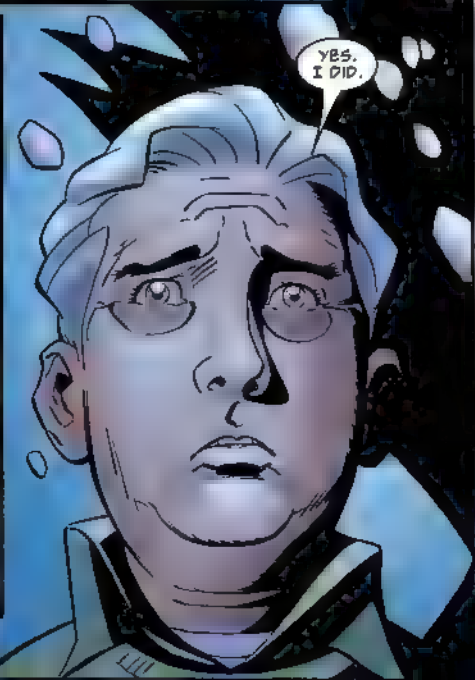
SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST A RUBBER-STAMPED PHOTO FROM "YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPI--"

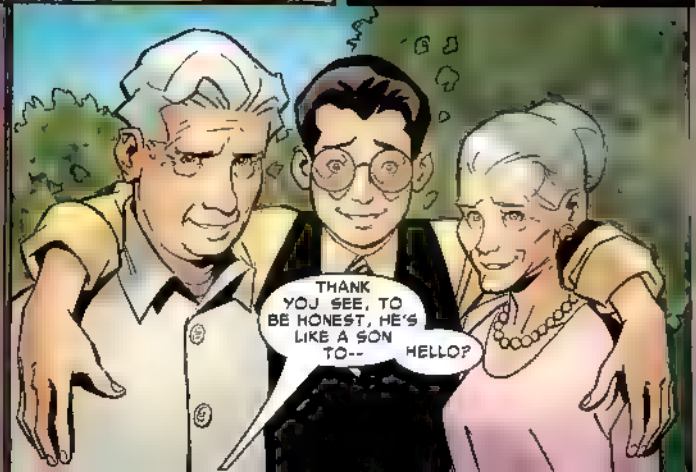
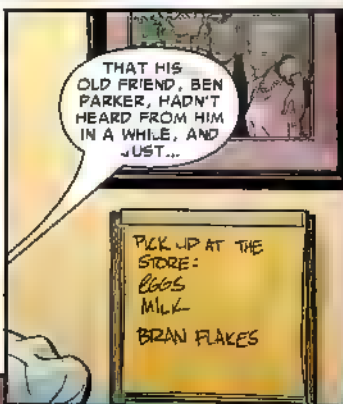
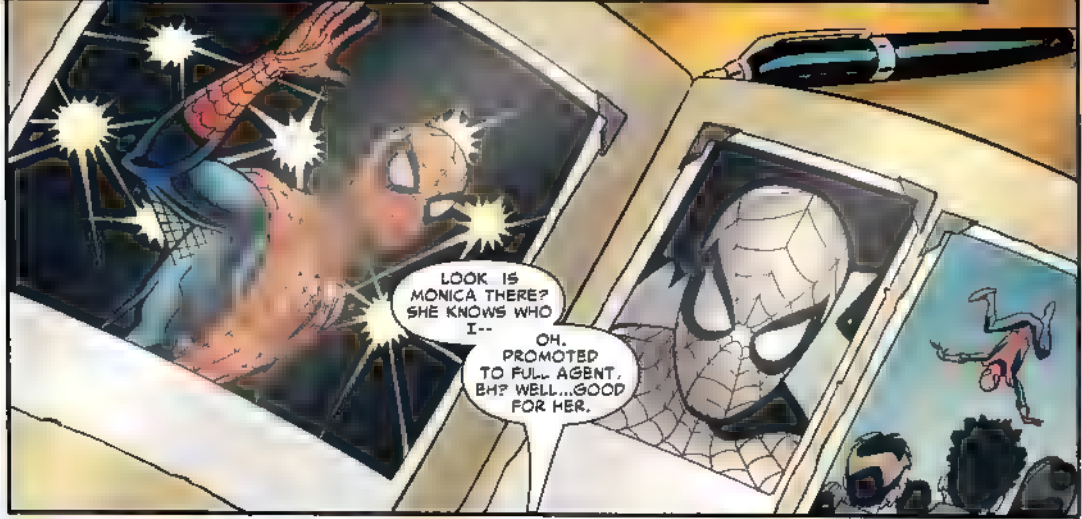
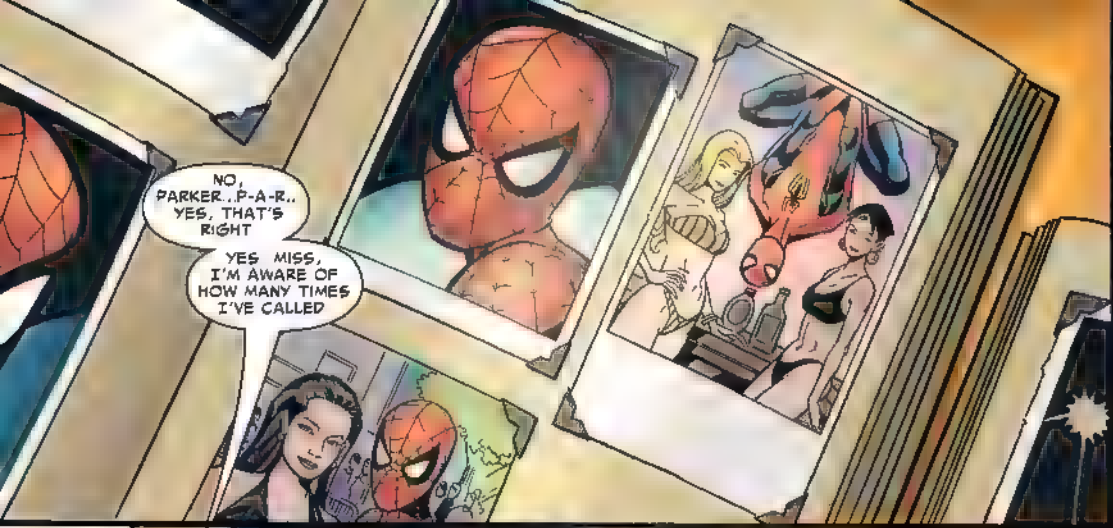


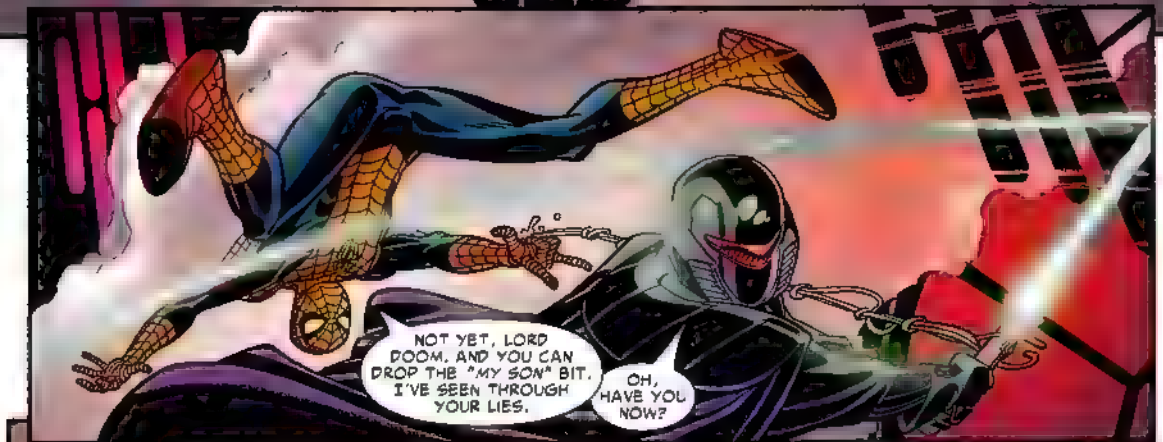
















MY, MY
HOUSE?!
BURNED
TO THE
GROUND? ?

HELP!
SOMEBODY!
ARSON!
HELP--!



PROBLEM,
MISTER?

YES, THERE'S
A PROBLEM! MY
HOUSE'S BURNED
DOWN!

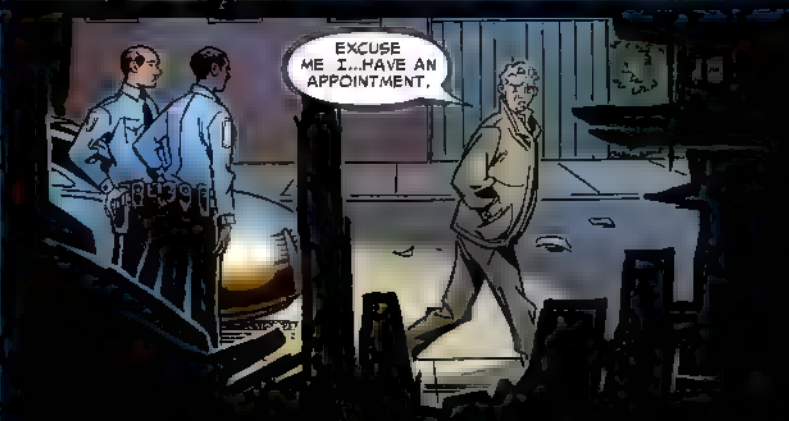
"YOUR"
HOUSE? MISTER,
THAT'S THE OLD
PARKER PLACE...

I KNOW!
I'M BEN
PARKER

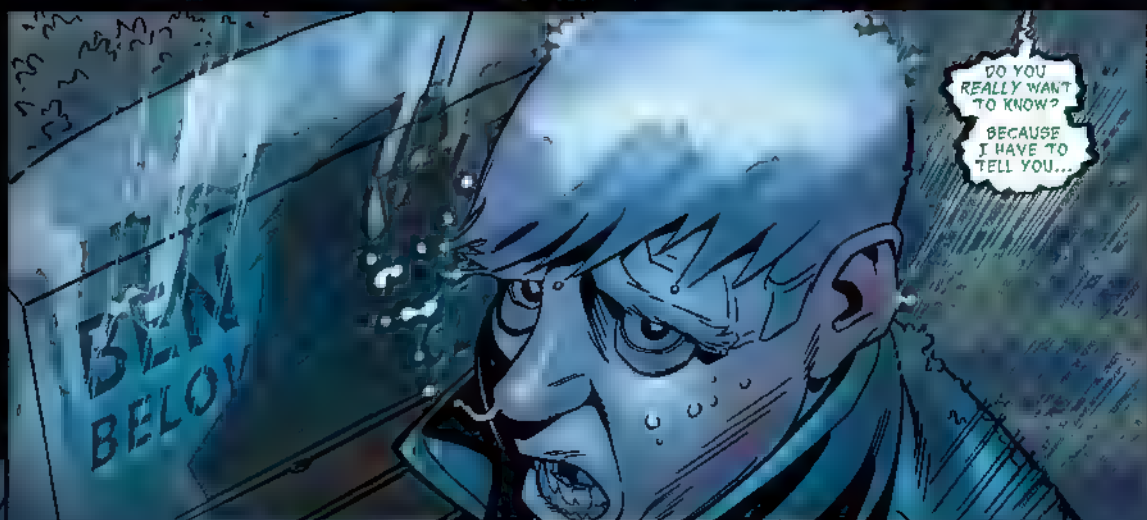


SIR...THAT HOUSE
BURNED DOWN SOME
MONTHS BACK.
FORTUNATELY NO
ONE WAS KILLED.

AND MY
UNDERSTANDING
IS THAT BEN
PARKER DIED
YEARS AGO.









THAT'S...
NOT FUNNY,
JARVIS.

I HAVE
MANY FINE QUALITIES,
SIR, BUT JESTING IS
NOT AMONGST THEM.
ESPECIALLY WHERE
THE WELFARE OF MRS.
PARKER IS CONCERNED.



THE
POOR WOMAN
NEARLY PASSED OUT.
SHE WANTED TO GO
RUNNING OUT AFTER HIM,
BUT I WAS CONCERNED IT
MIGHT BE SOME SORT
OF RUSE IN ORDER
TO--



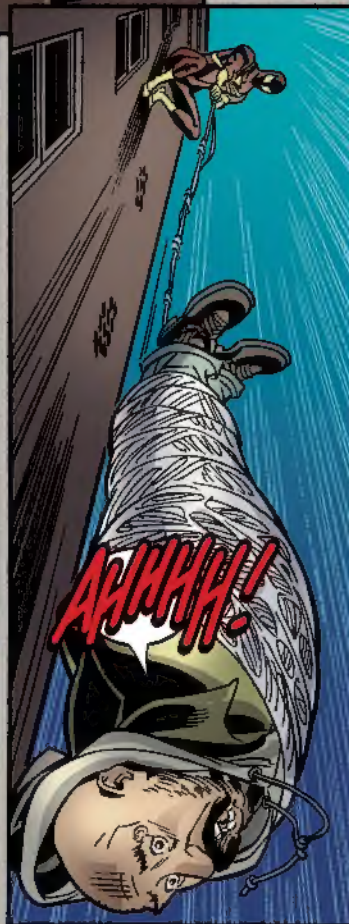
A TRAP.
YEAH, GOOD
THINKING.

MY ON-BOARD
GPS HAS YOUR
LOCATION LOCKED IN.
YOU'RE ONLY TEN BLOCKS
AWAY. I'LL DROP WHAT
I'M DOING AND--

NO!
NO!



I'LL TELL
YOU WHO MY
BOSS IS! THE WHOLE
OPERATION! JUST
DON'T DROP ME!
I'LL TALK!



AAAAHHH!!



TALK TO
THEM. THEY
LOOK EAGER
TO LISTEN.



TALK TO ME, JARVIS. HAVE YOU STILL GOT AUNT MAY UNDER WRAPS?

SOMEWHAT, SIR.



PERHAPS A NICE MERLOT, MADAM?

OUT OF MY WAY, JARVIS! I HAVE TO FIND HIM! IT'S--

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT "IT" IS AT ALL, MAY! LISTEN TO ME--

BUT HE--



IT COULD BE A SKRULL! THE CHAMELEON! EVEN THE SPACE PHANTOM!

YOU HAVE TO LET OTHERS HANDLE THIS! YOU HAVE TO TRUST THEM! YOU HAVE TO TRUST ME! DO YOU?

THIS ISN'T ABOUT YOU!

I'M MAKING IT ABOUT ME! DO YOU TRUST ME?



JARVIS... HOW CAN I TRUST YOU...



...WHEN I FEEL LIKE I CAN'T EVEN TRUST MY OWN EYES?





AND BELIEVE
ME, I'VE FACED
A NUMBER OF
THEM.
SEE, TIME IS
ALWAYS ON MY
SIDE, WHAT WITH
MY BEING THE
HOBGOBLIN...
...OF THE
YEAR 2211!

 **TO BE CONTINUED...**